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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

VOL. LII

DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 3

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The Register

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TEACHER AND PUPIL

A school, it has been said, consists of two elements, the pupil and the teacher, to which all other things are subsidiary; and in order that an institution of learning have a successful existence, it is imperative that there be a spirit of co-operation founded upon respect, congeniality, and a common purpose between these two all important factors. It is undeniable that the spirit of co-operation has been responsible for the great success that the Latin School has experienced in its two hundred ninety-eight years of existence. It is true that circumstances have changed conditions from time to time; but fundamentally it remains the same. There is a great contrast between the figure of a severe Puritan gentleman wielding the ferule over the heads of backward students and the figure of a kindly gentleman with a twinkling eye placing his hand upon the shoulder of a pupil and saying somewhat apologetically, "I'm really very sorry, but I shall have to give you

a mark." Nevertheless, the purpose of both instructors is the same and the change in tactics has been caused by the change that has come about in the modern attitude toward education and discipline.

The first element called for in the Latin School is respect, both respect of pupil for teacher and of teacher for pupil. The deference of student to instructor will naturally be of a somewhat different kind; but that is only just, for superiority of knowledge and experience always resides in the teacher. Still, it is pleasing to note that practically all the teachers of our school acknowledge the respect that is due their pupils, and in their own way, they tender this respect. Naturally, it is tempered by judgment, but still it is a comforting assurance for a Latin School boy to realize that the faculty exerts a respectful, rather than a tyrannical, authority.

The second element is likewise in the spirit of modern educational principles, for unless congeniality exists between teacher and pupil, there will be no worthwhile incentive, on the part of the student, to study, and, on the part of the instructor, to teach. The personal element must not be lacking; neither the teacher nor the student must consider himself a mere machine, acting the same towards every one, regardless of disposition and temperament.

Time must not be entirely devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, but an occasional bit of humor or personal interest should enter to vary the monotony of the procedure of learning. The student must accept the precepts of the teacher in a sympathetic spirit, without grumbling or disagreeing with ideas merely out of a perversity or combative spirit; and the teacher must on his part teach in a manner that will interest and not bore his classes. This is a fundamental idea of modern education: to teach the most useful things in the most enjoyable manner, so that they may be learned effectively.

And lastly, it is necessary that both masters and boys work for a common purpose. It would be useless to spend time teaching a boy who does not want to learn. The point to which the boy aspires should be the compass by which the teacher should guide his course of instruction; and if it is impossible for both to be directing their intentions to the same purpose, then they are wrong in continuing.

These three elements exist to a very great degree in Latin School; but still, we feel that they can be even more intensified. So let us all, both masters and boys, resolve to continue and increase this co-operation which is so conducive to beneficial education.

J.M.F.



CLUBBING AROUND

The full benefit of a Latin School education is not received merely by the doing of the assigned duties (as if *that* weren't enough). Everyone should participate in some extra-curricular activity. For the boy who is not athletically inclined, there are the School's many clubs, catering to a wide range of interests.

Everyone has some hobby; there is some one thing everyone would like to delve into. President Lowell of Harvard believes in knowing a little about everything and much about something. Whether the student learns a new Queen's gambit or develops the ability to speak clearly and unhesitatingly, his knowledge will be increased by belonging to one of the clubs.

Deep down in the subterranean depths of Commerce there gathers a group whose special interest is checkers and chess. Before two-thirty the room is filled with a noisy group of boys who care little whether "Black mated in twenty moves" or not, and are not concerned with the relative values of the Knight and the Bishop. But after the clanging of the bell has released them, another group, serious and solemn, enters. There seems to be an almost holy and awful atmosphere about the place. The silence is broken only by such blood-curdling cries as "check" or "your move". The meetings are adjourned by the custodian with the familiar words, "It's about time for youse kids to clear out."

Mr. Quinn is the faculty adviser of the Stamp Club (facetiously called the Philatelic Association by the R. R. R.). There is none of that taciturnity characteristic of the Chess and Checker Club. The air is filled with shouts of "Two cents for the Zululand", "A nickel for the Tasmania". Nothing would please some members of this society but that we should examine their collections. On youth has a collection of odd-shaped stamps; another, a gallery of the rulers of Europe; a third, a group of German stamps showing the country's territorial extension. Mystified and bewildered by such technical terms as perforation gauge, pre-cancels, watermarks, and surcharges, we escape to the outer air.

The Literary Club opens its meetings with a regular "Vita sine litteris est mors" for Mr. Callanan. Yes, cheers in Latin—what an erudite gathering! Here one parses his sentences before daring to utter them! Not only are the books, but the very lives of the authors, laid bare to the members. The membership is directly proportional to the nearness of the election and picture-taking. Trot up to the Library some Monday afternoon and get the "dope" on the life of your favorite author. You can see even their "pitchers".

Debating Club . . . Meeting every Tuesday . . . President?? Of *course*, Foley . . . Debate with Norwood.—Subject—Philippine Islands.—O Lord, we thought that was settled! . . . Debate with—well, if no one shows up, with themselves—and every one debates, mind you.

As for Mr. Roland's' wit—take it or leave it; not a whit less.

"Nous tiendrons aujour d'hui l' élection d' officers: un président, un vice-président, et un secrétaire." Monsieur Arnold addressing *Le Cercle Français*. The little boys of Class III sit with gaping mouths, wondering what the man in front of the room is talking about; the big seniors, not only completely understand the speaker, but even go so far as to listen for grammatical errors. (As if they would ever find one!) In all our clubbin' around, we did not find a meeting that was as well attended as this one. Room 206 was so crowded that a goodly number was forced to stand.

It is unbelievable that our clubs have not gained nation-wide fame and reputation, for in fifteen minutes the members of the Debating Club solve problems that have been baffling the greatest minds of the country for years; the Literary Club has settled the age-old dispute between the adherents of Bacon and Shakespeare; and *les membres* of the French Club speak French as she has never been "spoke" before. But we of the Boston Latin School believe in hiding our light under a bushel; we don't go around boasting of our genius. Some day, however, in some manner, our statesmen and authors will receive the well-merited plaudits of an admiring world.

Robert L. Cohen, '33.

Jerome C. Saltz, '33.

THE EMIGRANTS

Leon Levinson, '35

"Maybe forever." The little dark-eyed lad gazed at the familiar scenes about him, as his mother's awe-struck whisper re-echoed in his ears. "Little lad, tonight at midnight we are leaving Russia and all behind, maybe forever!" How he had longed for this day to come—for months he had dreamed of the day of departure, and now his heart thumped as he realized that, in a few more hours, the strange adventure would begin.

An unexpected tightening of the muscles of his throat and a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach seized him, because he was leaving his home, maybe forever. His mind seemed like a kaleidoscope, as the scenes of his childhood crowded upon him; he stood up on tiptoe, stretched out his arms, and, as the tears streamed down his face, endeavored to embrace it all, even the old well with the moss-covered oaken bucket. He wanted to go but, oh, how the dear motherless lamb, that he had raised from the day it was born, was bleating for him. He drooped dejectedly as he heard the neighing of the horse, and the mooing of the cows in their stalls in the old red barn.

The little lad, his eyes tear-stained, entered the farm house to prepare the evening meal for his pets, and thought, "Only yesterday, the farmhand promised me that next spring I would help him re-thatch the roof; and tonight I am going away, maybe forever." A solemn little group they were, his mother, sister and brothers, and he knew from the looks of rapture on their faces as he approached them, that they were talking of his father. He soon learned from the hushed conversation that his older brothers, who had left Russia several years before, to seek their fortune in Africa, were now due to present themselves for military service.

Since they could not appear, and since no one else could serve in their stead, the mother and younger brothers were liable, under the

Russian law, during the Czar's regime, to persecution. The father had left for America, the Land of Refuge, two years before, because he had foreseen the inevitable.

His mother was saying, "My children, the time has come. Your father has made a new home for us in America, and with God's help we shall all be together again." Her voice shook, and she smiled through her tears, as she gazed at the grave faces of her dear ones. Willing hands and willing feet accomplished the final tasks of preparing for the departure. Soon the farmhand called, "The wagon is all packed now, boys. In a little while night will come, and you will help me hitch the horses." The mother added, "Yes, we must be all ready to leave when the drivers come."

Midnight. The drivers had arrived, and had taken their places in the wagon. It was a beautiful August evening, with the harvest moon just rising to shine among the vast array of stars, and the sky made a magnificent azure background for the drama soon to be depicted. The little village, throbbing with excitement, turned out to wish the departing family godspeed. The parting was sad. Lifelong friends said goodbye, maybe forever. The crack of the whip, the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the rumbling of the wheels, and the memorable journey was begun. The little family was uprooted from its native land.

Morning. The little lad was asleep, exhausted by the exciting events of the evening, but the hardened drivers did not show one sign of fatigue. The farm horses, who were used to taking a heavily laden wagon to market, were jogging along as if the trip had just begun. The little lad, his sister and brothers awoke to a day of hard and uncomfortable traveling, for Russian wagons of that time had no springs, and consequently one had to have a rugged constitution to sustain a long ride without suffering. The

wagon sat so low on the wheels that the dust kicked up by the horses swirled right up into the wagon, and soon the travellers were dust-covered and weary. The mother encouraged her little tribe, and promised them a romp in the woods, after the next village was passed. To stop at a village, she explained, would not do, because questions might be asked which she could not yet answer. The little lad looked at her questioningly, and she reassured them all, saying, "At Krettinga, all will be well with us, and I will explain to you, my dear children."

After many hours of traveling, having made two stops in the beautiful woodland through which they passed, to partake of the food that had been prepared for the journey, as well as to rest and play, they reached Krettinga. The mother explained to the drivers that they must not enter the town of Krettinga until nightfall, because she yet could not answer questions which would be asked of her. As a Russian subject, and a native of the little village on the outskirts of Kovno, she and her children must answer for their presence in Krettinga, a town on the Russian side of the Russo-German boundary. She must obtain for herself and her children the right to cross that boundary; and such a passport was obtainable.

Krettinga was seething with agents who would give one a passport across the border for a fixed amount of money, but no passport could be found for a family consisting of a mother, a daughter, and five little sons. Three days were spent fruitlessly searching for such a permit. On the third day a clever agent, a woman, contrived a scheme to get the family across the border. A passport for a mother, a daughter, and three sons, was obtained. The little family minus the two eldest sons, was bundled into the wagon. They were hurriedly informed of their change of name, and the mother anxiously coached the little group, lest one forget at the crucial moment. At the boundary, to the Russian customs officer's curt "What is your

name?" everybody answered correctly, but the mother. In her intense excitement she forgot. A moment of anguish, and then in a flash of memory, "Channah Beralovna Sher!" "All right", said the officer, but with a scrutinizing glance added, "where are you all going?" Bravely "Mrs. Sher" answered, "To a wedding in Konigsberg." A sullen "All right" was their "sesame".

The two older lads had run across the border through a forest, directed by the agent, one dressed as a peasant and one as a stable boy. Soon the two lads were again with their mother at a designated meeting place on the German side of the boundary, the village of Bayahren.

"To America!" was the little lad's answer to the German officer, who asked him at the boundary, "Where are *you* going?", and "To America!" was the unanimous reply of his sister and brothers. From Bayahren, after all their belongings had been put through a fumigating plant, the family travelled in their old wagon to the metropolis, or so it seemed to them, of Konigsberg. Here the little lad and the rest of the family bade good-by to the drivers, and he and his mother, sister, and brother were herded like so many sheep into an already crowded fourth class railroad car in which there were no seats. In this deplorable fashion, the emigrant family were to travel across the broadest part of Germany. Many a sigh escaped from the tightly compressed lips of the dark-eyed lad, as he remembered the freedom of the woods and the meadows he had left behind, maybe forever. How he longed to lie once more on his back in the meadow and gaze up at the storks nesting high up in the treetops, and how he missed the caressing breezes of the late summer evenings. The train stopped at many stations, but they were not allowed to get off, for fear they might wander away. People came to stare at these "Russian Auswanderers."

At times the little family became so engrossed in the many amazing sights that

they forgot their discomfort. The industrial factories in the cities had chimneys so high that the little lad wondered how the builders got way up there. His wonderment grew as he saw more and more of these massive structures, and he pondered how men could gather so many bricks together.

The tiresome and lengthy journey was over, and the emigrants stepped out of the train, on the Dutch border. Here they were put into regular cars, with seats, and, after a delightful ride through acres of tulips, nodding in all their glory, and by farms dotted with picturesque windmills, which were new and strange to them, the emigrants reached Rotterdam. Here they were to embark on an ocean liner to take them to America, the Golden Land.

In Rotterdam the little family was at the mercy of the steamship company employees. All their belongings were put into a shed, and they were housed in a barracks on the seventh floor of a tall building. The next morning, on searching for their property, they learned that everything they owned had been moved to an altogether different shed. After rescuing their belongings, the little band of emigrants followed directions and passed through a very heavy metal door. The significance of the closing of this door escaped them, for they had unwittingly entered the liner which was to carry them to the land of opportunity.

A steward directed the mother and her children to their berths in the steerage, way down in the hold of the ship. The little lad was surprised that they should proceed downward in *this* big "house", whereas they had gone so far upward in the other big house, which he had just left. His amazement was profound when, a short time later, he peered through what seemed to him a window in the "house", and the white-caps of the sea greeted him.

Although the long journey had been one of many struggles, these paled into insignifi-

cance before the hardships which the family was yet to endure. Of these misfortunes they were as yet blissfully unaware. The realization of their hopes and the fulfillment of their dreams seemed to them much nearer, as now they were actually on the ship which was to bear them to their dreamed-of destination. Several days of the agony of seasickness, strange companions, and restricted surroundings dampened their enthusiasm.

The mother had carefully prepared certain delicacies for this particular part of the journey. During the first part of the voyage, they were too sick to even think of dainties, and, when at last they craved nourishment, the food was gone, presumably stolen. Inspired by the mother's fortitude, each of the children concealed from the others his own disappointment and hunger. Because of their piety and also because of the scarcity of their funds, there was very little that they could buy, to eat, aboard ship.

Though disillusioned, the little lad was overjoyed when he realized that preparations were being made for the landing in his adopted country. His mother's face gleamed as she whispered his father's name over and over again. He thought how wonderful it would be to see his father. The thought thrilled him, and together with his sister and brothers he rehearsed just what he would say to his father when he met him at the landing.

A foggy morning greeted them as they peered from the porthole, searching for a glimpse of the magnificent Statue of Liberty. As the landing was announced, excitement prevailed on the upper deck, but down in the steerage the immigrants were herded into one long line, where they were held until the other passengers had disembarked.

The heavy iron door, which had shut behind them when they embarked, swung open once more. The little lad passed through it, leaving behind, maybe forever, the scenes of the past, and entering upon a new life in the Land of the Free.

LATINIA

Albert Damon, '34.

*[A few years ago, I purchased in an old London bookshop a volume that had belonged to Jonathan Swift. I took it home, and there examined it more closely. To my great surprise and pleasure, I perceived between two of the pages a yellowed and faded manuscript, which I spread out and began to peruse. Because of its age, the writing could not be deciphered in some places (notably the beginning and the end), but I could read enough to see that the manuscript comprised rough notes for a story of the *Guilliver* type. Neglect had evidently prevented its completion and publication. The text follows.]*

* * * * *

. . . I thought, as did the crew, that we had landed on an uninhabited section of New Holland [Australia], but the following episode proved this conjecture false. We debarked, and looked around. The first objects that met our eyes were some bushes heavily laden down with round, black, fat, juicy plums, which I knew were not native to New Holland. I took a bite, but the taste was so bitter that I had to throw it away.

Proceeding warily inland, we came to a great plain, in the midst of which was a large red brick building, with an inscription "Latinia" on the front. I discovered later that this building was the seat of the executive part of the government. As may well be imagined, we were greatly surprised at this; and, though I tried to dissuade them, my companions boldly entered the edifice. At this moment a bell rang, and in a few seconds I saw dense streams of humanity issuing from several doors. Retiring behind the shelter of some trees, I watched and wondered. The entire crew was trampled to death under the willing feet of the crowd. I later learned that this rampage occurred every day, and woe to him who obstructed the mob! Another such rush was held at one

half-hour past the meridian (the previous one was at one half-hour after two o'clock), at what is called the lunch period. However, the casualties were somewhat less at this lunch period. But let us proceed with our story.

I entered the almost empty building and proceeded along a corridor as far as a door marked "Office". Here I halted, and looked inside. There sat the monarch (as I perceived) of Latinia, enthroned in state. I made known my circumstances and expressed a desire to learn about the island. I wish to state, before proceeding, that the Latinians treated me with the utmost cordiality at all times. After promising to tell me about his country, the king seated me near himself and bade me pay close attention.

Two citizens entered the royal chamber simultaneously. One went up to the king, and, after salaaming, said, "Sire, I should like to change my place of business."

"Why so?" queried the monarch.

"My master is too exacting. He demands excessive work of his subordinates. In addition, he is too niggardly in paying wages; and I cannot support my family on what I am worth."

He retired, and his companion spoke up: "Sire, what is your conception of Latinian patriotism? What are your political views? Where will mass meetings be held? What about our colonial policy?"

This fellow was a correspondent from the *Latinia Registrar*. Every year the representatives of this journal plague the king so much that he would like to introduce capital punishment in his realm. To explain the first suppliant's request, one must first understand the geography, social life, and customs of this peculiar little island.

The island of Latinia is one of a small, hitherto undiscovered archipelago in the South Pacific. The other islands of the chain,

although considered by their inhabitants to be far superior to Latinia, are inferior from many standpoints. Whereas Anglica, Negotia, and Mechanica are of comparatively recent founding, Latinia antedates them considerably. Moreover, although the Latinians often emigrate to the other countries, few are allowed *into* Latinia because of the strict immigration laws.

The chief pride and joy of Latinia is her crop of plums. Although limited in other species of vegetation, Latinia yearly produces the largest quantity of plums on earth, regardless of size. These plums, which have a very bitter taste, serve to distinguish Latinia from her neighbors. They are the peculiar property of the masters (of whom more anon) and may be given out at their discretion. These kind-hearted gentlemen are very generous to their subjects, and curry favor by allotting great quantities of plums in proportion to merit. Recently, some radical citizens attempted to abolish the ceremony of masters handing their subjects plums, but the shocked Parliament had these upstarts tarred, feathered, hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Now a word about the *fauna* of Latinia. This island is singularly empty of large animals, but prolific in the lower types. Perhaps the few sharks could be called fauna; but they are very scarce. There are many worms, almost too many for comfort; but the people have become inured to these persistent, hard-working crawlers. Most numerous of all are the bees, who drone away with mediocre results as far as honey is concerned.

The population is divided into six classes, in the order of their residence. The First Class, or Aristocracy, disdain the other five greatly, assuming most patronizing airs. Influential members of this class attain great power, even to the extent of becoming prime ministers. A year before I arrived at the island, there had been a man of this kind, named Iggaynos Ogormos; but he had been

overcome by the united attempts of the masters, who finally deported him. The other classes are athletes, merchants, farmers, politicians ("Prattos", in the dialect of the island), and students. The inhabitants respect the classes in this order; but the masters evaluate them in, strangely enough, the diametrically opposite order.

As to the government of Latinia, there is, as I have indicated, a king, who is assisted by some four score potentates called "masters". Each of the latter reigns over an allotted section of the island, with full jurisdiction over his subjects. The latter are in the greatest awe of their rulers, each citizen taking great pains to get into the good graces of his master. There being no prisons, the problem of discipline is dealt with as follows: If anyone commits a breach of conduct, he is branded by the master with an iron, making a deep "mark" on the arm of the errant one. Repeated misdemeanors automatically deport the one committing them.

A unique custom is that of "Dec", the name given to a ceremony leading to the distribution of many luscious plums by the masters. At a specified time during the month, each subject mounts a platform; delivers a speech; and if distinguished, receives his allotment of plums. Another peculiar custom is that of the general education. Not content with having athletes exercise and the merchants conduct trade, the Constitution for some obscure reason requires every inhabitant to be a student! This statute is the only flaw in the government and administration of Latinia, and it is most distasteful to the citizens. Imagine a member of the Aristocracy a student! Picture the unhappy situation of an athlete's being forced to *study*! The anger of the populace is stirred up anew at the end of each month by the issuance of documents which show the standing of each inhabitant in his work. Personally, I can see nothing for them to be incensed at, since the documents are tastefully

and patriotically colored in red, white, and blue.

War, as we understand it, is unknown. However, since friction is inevitable among the various islands of the archipelago, differences are settled by means of athletic contests. The inhabitants of the competing islands are given half-holidays, so that they may be present at these games. Concerted encouragement of the respective teams is led by singular personages called *bortatione-duces*. These officials are usually influential politicians of the "prattos" class. They perform divers uncouth contortions of their bodies and utter the most outlandish sounds, which in turn so move the spectators that they respond in kind.

There are various social bodies, such as the *Literati*, *Galli*, *Forensiores*, and *Signa*. The *Literati* are stimulated twice a month by exhaustive dissertations of the members on

topics concerning literature. The *Galli* meet for the purpose of determining how fast the Gallic language can be spoken and how little comprehended. The *Forensiores* determine to their own satisfaction and without the slightest trouble what the government should do in various crises. The government, needless to say, pursues its own course regardless of the conclusions to which the *Forensiores* have arrived. The gentlemen of the *Signa* Club make a great to-do over bits of colored paper. As for publications, the *Latinia Registrar* serves the dual purpose of a literary publication and of a newspaper. At present the entire staff is deeply engaged in the momentous task of translating into all languages the most common phrase of the island tongue: "Howmanyjaflunk?"
(*The manuscript from this point on is, unfortunately, illegible.*)



THE PATRIOT

"My motto is, 'My country, right or wrong!'"

He sprang aloft and waved the torch
which long

Had blazed in nobler hands, but now
was dimmed.

A chance gust caught and quenched
the feeble flame,

And crumpled up a placard with the
name

Of "Justice" printed large in somber
black,

Tossing it at his feet.

The screams of nations rose upon the air.
A whisper came. "You shared the light;
now share

The dark." It went, and fear came in
its stead.

The fallen torch was splintered by the
feet

Of millions. High up in his lofty seat
He struck a match that flickered and
went out.

But he had seen, and smiled in exultation.
This was the sight: the peoples of every
nation

Were rending each other limb from limb.

L. Danziger, '33.

MORITURI

H. H. Nexon, '33

II

The brawny figure on the couch stirred, stretched lazily, and sat up. For a moment he seemed confused; then, as he looked around at the tapestried tent walls, at the richly figured rugs on the rush-strewn floor, at the saffron sheets which covered him, he grinned. "I, Spartacus, gladiator and slave," he shouted gleefully, "live off the fat of the land, rob the nobles, and threaten the Empire. Rome trained me as a professional killer. Now she can admire her handiwork."

Throwing off the covers, he stood erect. He was tall and muscular, with clear skin bronzed by the hot Italian sun. Across his broad back were the criss-cross, blueish welts of the *lanista's* whip; as he sleepily scratched his shoulderblades, he felt the scars and scowled. "Horatius," he called, "stir that noble carcass of yours! Run and summon my two lieutenants."

The person he had addressed was a mere stripling, obviously of patrician birth, who had been asleep on a mat in the corner. Now only half-awake he sat motionless, not quite understanding. The ex-gladiator directed a hearty kick at him, and he jumped away like a scared rabbit. Spartacus sneered. "His father," thought he, "probably laughed heartily whenever that dog of a trainer. Lentulus kicked me in the arena."

Then he strode to the door of the tent. From below in the valley rose the hum of a huge camp. Grimly smiling, he looked over the hills in the direction of the Citadel on the Tiber. "Oh Rome," he cried, "heavy will be thy fall! To my fifty thousand men hundreds more who hate thee are added at every moment. *You* enslaved us; therefore, shall our chains be dissolved in the blood of *your* populace."

At the close of his impassioned tirade, his leonine head sank pensively to his breast.

Carefully he weighed his military strength. All too little he realized for an immediate advance on the City of the Seven Hills. If ever his undisciplined, poorly armed rabble penetrated to the city, they would be uncontrollable from pent-up fury against their former masters. In a few short hours they would be scattered, and a small number of Roman legions would be able to annihilate them. In but three months, however, he could be *sure* of his revenge. The only reasonable course was delay for training and discipline until the beginning of Spring.

He looked again down into the valley. His lieutenants were ascending the hill, but behind them surged the whole army. A thunderous oath escaped his lips. Without a moment's hesitation, he strode angrily down to meet the oncoming battalions. They wavered, stepped forward uncertainly, then halted; only the two officers continued upward. When they reached him, they demanded impudently that he lead the revolutionists on against Rome or that he surrender command to themselves. Spartacus laughed harshly. With a sudden, swift movement he seized both of them and threw them from him. In clouds of dust they rolled down the hill to the feet of the troops. A murmur of mingled admiration and anger ran through the mob. Again they were silent, ominously so. Resignedly their leader recognized their temper. Reasoning would. He took the only way out. "Prepare to march," he shouted. "Forth against Rome! Death to the oppressor!"

A yell of joy rang forth from the eager men. Immediately they scattered to arm for the journey. For a moment Spartacus stood looking down on them. Then with bowed head he climbed to his tent.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Out goes that line or this;
Everything seems amiss.
Naught can satisfy
The censor's eagle eye.

"Mr. Looney and Mr. Dunn
Made such and such a pun."
All our secrets fall,
Victim to the censor's gall.

He spoils our column's face,
And we must fill the space.
"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,"
Nothing 'scapes this ogre's guiles.

Critic, harsh and unrelenting,
Censor, stern and unconsenting,
Grant me this one final plea:
Let *this* poem be!

[Editor's Note: We don't know how this
passed the censor.]

Nov. 8—We were almost annihilated trying to jam our way into Room 102. No, they weren't giving out next year's Boards; it was just the first meeting of the Debating Club.

Nov. 9—Mr. Wengers claims to have

driven from Dedham to school in twenty-five minutes in his car. The accent is on the "his" and the question mark comes after car.

Nov. 10—Heavy rain, unlike the proverbial lightning, seems to have struck twice in the same place. "Now, down in good old Pittsfield," says Mr. Lucey, "we went to school, even if we had to use a boat."

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Moratorium on the usual Friday tests.

Nov. 14—The end of our four-day vacation. The school's *literati* met today. Now, after Foss's talk, they know everything there is to be known about the worthy Galsworthy.

Nov. 15—It seemed to be the general consensus of opinion that "Joe" Foley and Paul Jacobs were the men for the president and secretary of the Debating Club, for they were unanimously elected to those offices. In the only contested election Finkelstein beat out Archer for the vice-presidency, Mr. Roland's ambition is to have every one in the club able to speak for twenty minutes without saying anything. "That's the mark of a good debater," says he.

Nov. 16—Sales in the Stamp Club amounted to all of sixty-five cents.

Nov. 17—The sad case of the boy who gave the setting-up exercises once too often: "Dees kneep full bend." We wonder how that one is done . . . We ought to be punished for not having a pun this week.

Nov. 18—A drama of the class room in. One act and no sense.

Secretary of the Day: The homelesson was then passed out.

Mr. Sheehan: No, the homelesson was given out; the class passed out.

We really couldn't write this column without Mr. Sheehan's witty sayings. No, suh!

Nov. 22—Now that we made a certain well-known master's gimlet famous, we are going to work on his well-used hat. It's not

a Stetson, nor was it gotten where *you* bought the hat. We'll dig up some more about it next month.

Nov. 23—The class officers claim that they are Federal employees since there is a tax on our rings.

Up in 312 there is a radio to help relieve the tedium of the physics class.

For the first time in 297 years the school held an outdoor rally. Judging by the amount of cheering done at the game, the students must have expended all their energy on Avenue Louis Pasteur.

Nov. 26—Mr. Shea his day. Recipe for a physics class: take following remarks, using a large quantity of one, four, and seven; shake well and mix with an assortment of technical language. Let stand for forty minutes:

1. Go ahead! Take twenty minutes on a simple problem!

2. Don't mind him; he's only talking in his sleep.

3. As long as they don't snore, I don't mind.

4. Baby stuff—Are they still harping on that?

5. When I played football, they had to hire a contractor to clear off six inches of snow. You should kick!!

6. Someone hold that bell. Why don't they make the periods longer?

7. And he comes up to me and tells me *I* was wrong. Can yuh imagine? And we are not allowed to hit them!

Nov. 28—If you were not at the Literary Club today, you should have been. Charm gave a most sacrilegious and unconventional talk. He actually polluted the air of the Club with a speech on dime novels, "not going into the nickel—or fifteen-cent ones."

We almost broke our neck running down (i.e. walking fast) to the lunchroom to get our favorite hot dish (spaghetti, in case you're interested); and after waiting in line for hours, the fellow in front of us got the last one. Curses!

Nov. 29—Sandler says that he has carried Dr. Eliot's "five-foot shelf" idea into other fields: fifteen minutes a day, and his Latin and French are done. We have been doing the same thing for years, but we never knew it was called that.

Nov. 30—One of the Teachers' College young men conducted a class in an unique way. When the bell rang, he asked the boys to be quiet until the instructor should come in. He then left the room, immediately returned, and in an authoritative voice announced *he* was the instructor. Dual personality, it seems. Well, "*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.*" Decl. Foley, having been chosen editor-in chief, is now sighing for new worlds to conquer.

Nov. 28—*Horribile dictu*, we lost our little red notebook filled with the choice lists of gossip we collect here and there. If anyone sees said notebook, will he return it to the Sanctum, will he? He will be rewarded greatly, if not *here*, then in the *hereafter*.

Nov. 29—Mr. Wenners, after disagreeing with a grammatical point in "Tanner's Grammar", remarked, " 'Tanner's' is a fine book—yes, it's beautifully bound."

Nov. 30—Mr. Winslow, looking toward Mr. Faxon's room, speaks thus: "There are a lot of Math. teachers in this school who can't even add their bowling scores." Mr. Faxon's reply: "There are a lot of Latin teachers in this school who don't get enough bowling scores to add." Heh, heh!

Dec. 1—The soothing effect of translating Latin was evidenced when a boy fell asleep today over a most exciting oration of Cicero (Well, it was the last period anyway.)

ERRATUM

Mr. Waldeman of the Philatelic Society protests that he does not spell his name Waldman. We never expected to get two pieces of news from the Stamp Club for one issue. It's too much.

Dec. 2—Second Public Declamation today. The connotation of this simple statement

would ordinarily render the use of any "crack" unnecessary—but you know us Where do they get the "clam" in declamation? Bright, red plaid ties are the thing for the well-dressed declaimer O tempora! O mores! Some were hoping that Mr. Henderson would turn on the "raddio" for the musical part of the program The speakers seemed to have a Civil War complex.—Three pieces about the same war is a little too much.—We were tempted to say it's not *civil*; but there would be a war if we did.

Dec. 5—*Deo gratias!* They are going to enforce the time-limit on those declamations.

Dec. 6—A debate with the Brown freshmen will be held January 6 at the Commerce

Hall. The subject will be on the cancellation of war debts. This is a vital and thought provoking subject, which should be of great interest to boys of the Latin School.

Dec. 7—Mr. Shea has been appointed Chairman of the Committee for the Prevention of Trespassing upon the Grounds of the Harvard Medical School. (This ought to keep you boys off!)

. . . . The Checker Club met at Memorial High School for a checker match today. Latin was victorious in a very close match. Score 8-7 From what we've seen of the length of checker games, we'll wager the players didn't get many homelessons done that night.

WHAT PRICE FAME?

By Dana A. Schnittkind, '35

The ripple of fame on the sea of fate
Often dies in the depths of the brine,
But sometimes its bubbles refuse to abate
In the whirlpool of endless time.

Will the whirlpool continue as long as the
sea?

Or will centuries stop its force?
Does fame hold sway for eternity,
Or do ages erase its course?

How many men have been worthy in life,
Whom Fortune had always snubbed,
Whose backs she had bent with the burden
of strife,
But whose names are now cherished and
loved!

Is eternal fame worth a life of despair?
Is it worth Nature's beggarly dole?
Can the tools of a tardy applause repair
The injuries done to a soul?

VICISSITUDE

The Sixth—

Brightly shines the student-lamp;
Brightly too, the student's eyes,
Juvenile joy lives in his learning;
Giant ambition belies his size.

The First—

Dimly burns the student-lamp;
Dimly too, the student's eyes.
Six years passed of painful learning!
He heaves hard, heavy sighs

S. I. Abelow, '34.

Colloquia Cum Magistris

HERE AND THERE

The world is hushed and silent. At our elbow, a travelling clock is ticking away the wee hours of the night. Except for the clock and the scratch of pen on paper, there is not a sound in the room. It is chill and cold. The sole illumination is our study lamp beaming down on the paper-trewn desk. In the window facing us, is the reflection of a figure busily writing. Everything else is in blackness. A short time ago our little puppy was scampering about the room, chewing our slippers and biting our books. Now even he has gone to sleep.

The Register "deadline" has come and gone. We are compelled to resort to desperate measures to pass our article in. Night and silence has induced a pensive mood. Here in the stillness of our study we are given to reflection. Our thoughts go back to the first issue and the interview with Mr. Powers, especially that portion that dealt with Latin School spirit. When first we read that section our attitude was one of "Oh, Yeah!" Back in the Fourth Class—new to misdemeanor marks, new to the red Christmas decorations on our report cards, new to the cognominal type of address, new to "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," new to military drill and overbearing officers—we wrote a composition about the school. We likened Alma Mater to a factory turning out machines and Babbitts. But, arrived at the top of the ladder (the number of years in arriving is being withheld for obvious reasons), our opinion is softened and tempered.

It really is a grand old school. Its life has been long and full. Many misdemeanor marks have faded upon many yellow pages since the summer long ago, when Reverend John Cotton first conceived the idea of "maintaining a full grammar school in the town." The past has been replete with "Cudjoes", "Skunkoes," and "Bingoes." (Censorship pre-

vents us from revealing the repleteness of the present.) Not so many years ago the more sedate members of the Faculty came to school attired in Prince Alberts. Custom and precedent have been forming here for three hundred years. It is an institution with a heritage unequalled.

Especially did we realize it when we interviewed Mr. Lee Joseph Dunn, our vivacious librarian. Mr. Dunn has become the school's official historian. Yours Truly sat in the library for over an hour one afternoon discussing English High School's dearest enemy with Mr. Dunn. We were surrounded by a massive pile of ageing volumes. On the desk before us was a Latin School writing master's letter to his pupils, faded declamation programs, copies of former attempts at a school paper. Compiling, sorting, classifying this mass of *memorabilia* are Mr. Dunn's chief concerns; for in 1935, the occasion of B.L.S.'s three hundredth anniversary, a booklet will be published, composed from this material. The contents of this booklet have come to light in many ways. Much material has been brought back by "old grads." A former student once returned with an old "Dec" program he found in a second-hand book he had purchased in New York.

But Mr. Dunn is by no means of the past; he is very much of the present. Fifteen years ago he entered Class VI, then under the tutelage of Mr. Levine. When he advanced to Class V, he fell victim to an experiment of the School Committee. The young gentlemen of that class that year studied *avoir, être*, and "Parlez-vous francais?" The experiment was successful till Mr. Dunn met Class II and Mr. Henderson. To supply diversion for that trying year, Mr. Dunn ran on the Track Team. In his spare time he helped with the *Register* ("editor-in-chiefed" that year by

Mr. Widders) and worked at the Boston Public Library. On graduation day Mr. Dunn said good-bye to Mr. Henderson, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Powers; and, with a Fidelity Prize clasped tightly in one hand, boarded the street-car for the Library School at the Copley Square building, where books "are inadvertently borrowed." Then, five years ago, Mr. Dunn returned to Boston Latin, now on Avenue Louis Pasteur, as the librarian. He, like many another, had the interesting experience of returning as a colleague with men under whom he had studied as a boy. When Mr. Dunn tires of his *memorabilia*, he reviews four books a week for a local bookshop. Keeping tabs on the marks Latin School boys are receiving in college is another way he has of spending his time. Squash, tennis, billiards, bowling, and, of course, golf fill his leisure hours. His favorite indoor sport is to have boys come and ask for Omar Khayyam's "The Ruby Yacht" or Richard Halliburton's "The Railroad to Romance." His greatest ambition is to win consistently at squash.

So there you have Mr. Lee Joseph Dunn,

librarian, political adviser, historian; young, lively, and a "great fellow."

* * * * *

Mr. Mark Francis Russo . . . teacher of English and truant officer of the musical organizations . . . dramatic coach *par excellence* and moving-picture machine operator extraordinary . . . author of a "synthesis of the leading opinions on Grammar," which he dictates annually to his appreciative classes . . . a graduate of English High School and Boston College . . . a teacher for a year of our neighbor's across the street . . . Enjoys Chaucer for light reading . . . peruses modern detective stories for more difficult material—the moral of which is that, despite student opinion, the teachers are all human . . . began his career as a motion-picture machine operator with Mr. Carroll . . . has achieved notable success with his dramatic productions . . . In all, he is a man with a friendly spirit and a whole-hearted fairness towards everyone.

LAWRENCE M. FINKEL, '35

ROBERT E. WERNICK. '34

Scisne?

We beg to report that recent findings give proof that the present days of hard, practical idealism did not always exist as far as Latin School was concerned. There was a day (*mirabile dictu!*), as evidenced by the extracts from the "To Correspondents" department (referring to submitted contributions) in varied issues of "The Literary Journal", when the spirit of romance still coursed the veins of even the staid and scholarly Latin School boys: "We have received a poem above the signature of Harold. The first verse":

I am tired to satiety
Of this life without variety
This medium without excess
Neither in rapture or distress

Oh! I MUST FALL IN LOVE!

"Another contribution from the same author is an ode to Rome. The first verse is decent, the rest are miserable . . . However, Harold, we should like to hear from you again." . . . Another chapter in the saga of Harold, in a later issue: "Inadmissible is Harold's philosophical essay on love" . . . And the last tragic instalment: "Why slumbers Harold? Does he mean to keep his savage determination and leave us desolate?" [Are there any love-sick swains of Harold's extinct type present? Good contributions would be gladly received]. . . A plaintive comment from one of the first issues: "Every one seems ready to criticise our paper, but few to write for it." How trite!

The same thing still holds true . . . Punsters of the Latin School editorial board of "The Literary Journal": "The piece signed M. T. is too empty." Are you smiling? . . . The insidious, perfidious, mysterious Mr. O'Callahan, according to authentic sources, was to be seen immediately following the football mass-meeting giving, as only Mr. O'Callahan can give, a first-rate imitation of Catiline whispering furtively into the ear of Lentulus when to burn the City . . . Although many of the Faculty do not approve of Declamation, that fine old institution, handed down to us by some venerable scholar of 1820 or thereabouts, they must still conduct it . . . One ninth of the signatures of the Declaration of Independence are those of Latin School graduates. [If this has been told you before, do not complain. It really is something to be proud of] . . . An old custom was to invite the fathers of the pupils to

come to school one day during the term to witness a model recitation period. In preparation for this event, each boy would be drilled constantly on one particular topic or word. "One boy, having been drilled pretty thoroughly on the declining of 'duo', was inadvertently called upon to decline 'tres' before the assembled wisdom. He faltered, looked at Sawney [the master], at first completely dumbfounded, then, in utter despair, faltered out: 'That's not my word, sir!' The mistake was instantly corrected, and the boy did 'duo' to admiration" . . . With the smaller school of former days, the pupils had a much closer and more intimate contact with the headmaster, who would personally "flog us in a noble way". . . . Motto for the Home-Room Period, contributed by a reader: "Every little bite helps."

(Signed) Herbert Agoos, '33

Herbert Berman, '34



Alumni

Lester Koritz, '29, is the Literary Editor and acting Editor-in-chief of the University of Southern California's Trojan. He also edits an independent book review weekly. Furthermore, he is a leading player in the dramatic society.

Lt. Charles D. Curran, '24, West Point '28, is now on detached service, obtaining an M. C. E. at Cornell.

The following B. L. S. Boys received scholarships at Harvard this year: Arthur L. Abrams Sumner Y. Andelman, Eliot R. Bernstein, Milton Bornstein, Benjamin C. Bowker, Leon Brooks, Francis P. Campana, Robert V. Cleary, William T. Cloney, Samuel L. Cohen, Louis Cooperstein, William Dworetzky, Abraham M. Halpern, John J. Hession, Edward H. Hickey, Martin L. Hoffman, Julius Kaplan, Leonard Kaplan, William H. Kerr, Max J. Klainer, Robert B. Konikow, Saul Krafchinsky, Paul F. Lawler,

Morris J. Litwack, Albert B. Lord, Isaac H. Magnet, Wilfred Malenbaum, Samuel Moncher, Jacob Neber, Wilfred Owen, William C. Quigley, Philander S. Ratzkoff, Alfred H. Rosenthal, John J. Ryan, Hardy Shershevsky, Samuel Silverman, Albert M. Stone, Donal M. Sullivan, Andrew J. Torrielli, Joseph D. Wasserzug, Bernard H. Webber, Simon L. Weker.

"Bill" Cloney, '29, was the "spotter" for Graham McNamee at the Harvard-Yale game. It must have been a job to discover the players in a field of mud, quick enough to get them on the air.

Joseph L. MacNamara, '27, is now assistant professor of English at Illinois College.

James G. Colbert, '27, who was graduated from Harvard last year, is a staff writer on the Boston Post, and reports all the big Harvard football games.

Donal M. Sullivan, '29, who at Latin

school won the gold medals for first place in Debating, Declamation, and Reading, has just been elected Class Orator of the Senior Class at Harvard. Last year he was elected Secretary of the Junior Class. He is the President of the Debating Council and of the Harvard Democratic Club. He is at present the Harvard Correspondent of the Boston Globe, and is an honor student.

Edward H. Hickey, '29, who was Secretary-Treasurer of the Class of '29 at Latin School, is a member of the Harvard Debating Council, and debated on the team which defeated Brown, early this Fall. He was Vice-President of the Harvard Democratic Club this Fall as well. He is an honor student, having won Group II ranking last year. In the recent Class elections, he was defeated for the office of Permanent Class Treasurer by only 17 votes, in an election in which 418 votes were cast.

John J. Ryan, '29, whose great voice was well-known once in Declamation at the School, is a strong member of the Harvard

Debating Team. He spoke against Yale in an early Fall debate. He, too, is an honor student.

Morris J. Litwack, '31, has just been elected a member of the Harvard Debating Council. He spoke for Harvard in the Brown debate at Providence, teaming with Hickey, '29. He, too, is an honor student.

Charles F. Donovan, '29, is a star member of the Boston College Debating Team. He spoke in the recent debate, won by Boston College, against Oxford on the Cancellation of War Debts.

James M. Connolly, '29, is the President of the Fulton Debating Society at Boston College. He teamed with Donovan in the winning forensic clash with Oxford.

Gabriel G. Ryan, '31, brother of John J. Ryan, spoke for Boston College in a recent debate at the Philomatheia Club in Chestnut Hill. The debate was in French, and Ryan's Latin School training stood him in good stead.



PLAINT

Young people are not happy;
 Carefree youth is but a myth;
 They are reaching, groping, grasping, clinging
 to ideals—
 The pith, the very essence of their life.
 They can grasp but empty air,
 Craving something vague and misty, passionately:
 There's nothing there.
 Young people feel most deeply,—
 No stolidity of age;
 False hope, conjecture, is their wage.
 Misunderstood in what they seek,
 They sink into conformation.

Herbert Montwid Agoos, '33.



Books, like movies, run in cycles. The fad, at the present moment, is "the private life of Senator Ivar Glasshouse and the real reason behind President Hoover's refusal to eat kippered snacks at 4:08 a. m., Thursday morning, July 7, 1932." Strangely enough, the daddy of all these delightful, mud-slinging volumes is a rather harmless, cheerful sort of book. The funniest part of it is the beginning. The publisher, in a lengthy preface, entreats your pardon for the disrespectful tone of the book. You're right, he's a Boston publisher. Of course, the preface is a false alarm. The title is one of Ex-Senator Moses' delightful phrases. "The Sons of the Wild Jackass", by Ray Tucker, is a group of short sketches of the progressive Senators—Borah, Johnson, Couzens, La Follette, et al. With the reporter's flair, Mr. Tucker manages to write a straightforward and interesting book, that gives the human side of the men who do our scrapping for us in Congress.

* * * * *

Shades of "Treasure Island"! What have we here? "The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan," by T. Washington Metcalfe, makes quite a mouthful, what? This is a book I guarantee unconditionally. The first time you think about it, you'll remember Bogelmann, the cook; the second

time, you'll marvel at the descriptions. They're so beautiful they take your breath away. The first half of the book could stand a comparison with the best of adventure tales, and not come out second best. Books like this one, straight adventure stories that are really good, and published all too seldom. Don't miss it!

* * * * *

I must be a barbarian. This philosophy business leaves me cold; and, if I might stick in my little oar, I think a thrilling book was spoiled by too much attempted mysticism. The story is sailing along beautifully, when Yoga drops out of a clear sky. Don't ask me to explain, I'm a stranger here myself. In case you disagree with me (which happens rather often), the book is "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer", by Francis Yeats-Brown.

* * * * *

Sometimes hope springs anew within my breast when I think of that great character, Stephen Leacock, a professor of economics at McGill University, Toronto, yet Canada's foremost humorist. Let's take his last two books in one swoop. "The Iron Man and the Tin Woman" is only fair, but is redeemed by the first two sketches, two of Leacock's best. His newest book, "Wet Wit and Dry Humor" has a most witty dedication "To Prohibition, the best thing that ever

happened—to Canada.” You’ll roar at the “Confessions of a Soda Fiend”. It’s a funny thing about Leacock. Some of his work is naturally below par, and yet, like P. G. Wodehouse, who potters along nonsensically year after year, producing the same cheerfully idiotic hilarities, he always has an enthusiastic audience.

* * * * *

If you like books that emanate power, that strike you like the blow of a fist, that carry you forward irresistibly, you’ll like “Brothers”, by L. A. G. Strong, a story of

two brothers in a Welsh fishing village hating one another, yet bound by unbreakable family ties. Of such a book I cannot talk flippantly. The power lies underneath; but twice it bursts forth with the thundering might of an erupting volcano. The first time is when the defrocked priest describes Hell to the fishermen; the second is when Peter Macrae curses the McFarish family. The first is sheer, brutal power that scorches like a blast from a furnace. The humor and eloquence of the second make the episode an almost-great one. By all odds, it is to be ranked with the best books of 1932.



ENGLISH CLASS

Mystical fancies in an unknown tongue;
Wild blitherings on I know not what;
Wee bits of humor no one understands;
Many allusions to nothing at all—

A folding of hands, a rolling of eyes;
A man for a pound of flesh, Weird Sisters,
A man under a woman’s balcony—
But I only yawn and murmur—
“Shakespeare.”

J. M. F., '33.

ON GEOMETRY

He is my teacher; I shall not paass.

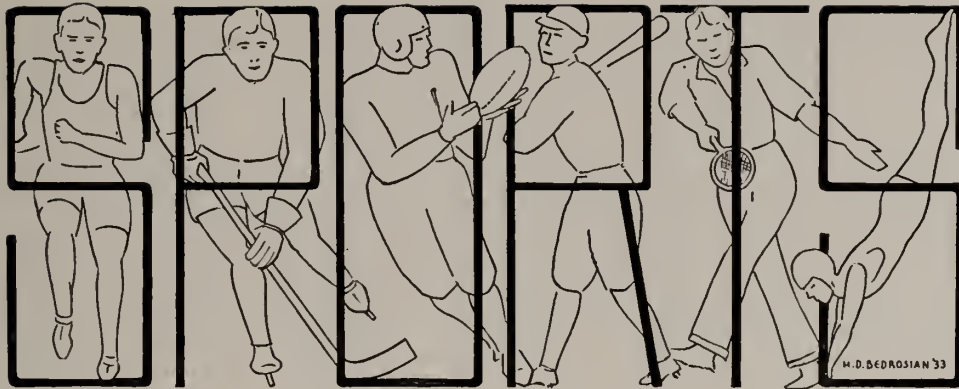
He maketh me go to the board; he compelleth me to draw difficult triangles. He giveth me zero. He maketh me sit down for my class’s sake.

Yea, though I study till midnight, I will gain no knowledge, for my propositions bother me.

He prepareth a test before me in the presence of my classmates; he giveth me zero.

Surely flunks shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the geometry class forever and ever.

L. S. B.



WAR ON ARMISTICE DAY!

Armistice Day marked Latin's victory over Dorchester, 7-0, in a rough-tough battle before a host of Fenway football fanatics.

On the first play of the game, a penalty annulled Latin's initial score. Illegal kick-off formation cost the touchdown made when the leather rolled over the goal-line, after having been contacted by a Dorchester player, and was fallen on by three Latin players, whose identity, for the sake of modesty, is to be kept a deep dark secret.

The greater part of the opening period was rather even, with fumbles galore providing the spectators' thrills. The field was soft from the week's heavy rains; and the scrimmage line, where the boys dug in their cleats, was strangely reminiscent of a trench. Both teams gained on short line-bucks, till the linesmen steadied.

Excellent kicks by Bouchie marked the punting duel in the second stanza. Then Dorchester pounced on a Latin fumble at midfield. Sheehan returned a kick to the Dorchester 10-yard stripe. A delayed pass by the Red and Black quarterback netted 25 yards. The Latin forward wall held the

offense, forcing Dorchester to kick. Sheehan took it; and, outrunning his interference winged his way around the defense, raced down the sideline for the score. Faking a drop-kick, "Ike" passed to "Hen" Bouchie in the end zone for the point.

Dorchester strove hard to tally in the third period, unleashing a beautiful aerial offense, which, with a 25-yard penalty on Latin for clipping, set the ball on our 20-yard ribbon. Capt. Gavin came through at a crucial moment and appropriated a Dorchester fluke. Sheehan booted out of danger.

In the final chapter, "Gunboat" Ryan ploughed through the opposing frontier like a ship through the billows. Where there wasn't a hole, he made one. Deserving of mention, also, was Leo Downes' meritorious defensive work, which aided in repulsing Dorchester line plays. Time and time again he smeared plots before they were fully hatched.

Aides in Dorchester's demolition were Benson, Bouchie, Brassil, Carroll, Chapman, Donovan, Dowd, Downes, Gavin, Larsen, Lawlor, MacLaughlin, MacVeigh, O'Callaghan, Ryan, Sanford, Sheehan, and Tomasello.

LATINI FABRES VINCUNT

Mechanic Arts fell before a greatly superior Latin team, November 16, to the tune of 33-0, the victors piling up ten first downs and holding the Artisans to one.

Soon after the initial kick-off, a twenty-five-yard end run by Leo Downes brought the ovoid to Mechanic's nineteen-yard line, where Latin lost the ball on a fumble. Mechanic's kicked, and MacLaughlin took it back to the Artisans' 32-yard stripe. "Gunboat" Ryan cleaved through for five yards. Next, with the ancient "Statue of Liberty" play as the medium, diminutive "Bud" MacLaughlin, with excellent interference, scampered around left end for the first score. Ryan rushed the point. The "Gunboat's" rushes, a Downes-to-Ryan pass, and more Ryan rushes, bringing the ball to the opponents' five-yard line, ushered out the period.

The primary play of the second stanza was a scoring play, Ryan (what! again?) going over, standing up, thru a hole large enough for even him to fall thru. To cap it, the honorable Mr. Ryan kicked the point. After a breathing spell of a few plays, "Bud" MacLaughlin garnered thirty-five yards on an off-tackle drive, was stopped on Mechanic's one-yard line, but went over on the next play, the score reading 20-0. The try for point failed. This minor detail was forgotten as the third team of "forgotten men", like the Ostrogoths streaming down on Rome, charged across the gridiron to report. They held the Artisans for the remainder of the half.

In the third quarter, Palilonis cut loose from the bench to go in at end. In the course of the afternoon, he blocked three punts and otherwise distinguished himself. The next Latin score, despite a valiant stand by the Artisans, came on a 35-yard pass from Bouchie to Chapman. Point failed. 'Nough said.

Latin's aerial offense, Bouchie passing,

clicked for the final score. A pass to Belekewicz netted twenty-five yards. Another to "Rud" Hoye went for twenty and a touchdown. The same combination was good for the extra point. A Mechanic's pass, intercepted by Bigwood, and some effective line-plugging by Lawlor kept the fans on the edge of their seats till the last shrill of the whistle.

The Latin phalanx included Belekewicz, Benson, Bigwood, Bouchie, Brassil, Carroll, Chandler, Chapman, Cincotti, Coy, Crehan, Cutter, Dowd, the Donovans, Downes, Gavin, Grimes, Hoye, Gilligan, Larsen, Lawlor, MacLaughlin, McVeigh, O'Callaghan, O'Connell, Palilonis, Quaglieri, Richards, Ryan, Sanford, Sheehan, Shouker, Stapleton, Sullivan, and Tomasello.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Marking time for Mechanics, the only remaining pre-English fray, the squad was busy attempting to figure out the total sum of penalties incurred in the Dorchester melee. In total yardage, it runs into three numerals . . . You'd have to go far to find Brassil's equal in covering punts. He's the first one down there all the time . . . Punting by Bouchie and Sheehan is consistent and accurate . . . Coach was there, sporting a new chapeau . . . The Trade game, as you know, ruined the last one . . . Sanford received a bad shoulder, which caused a deal of trouble for a while . . . Friedman was out, with a pestiferous *pes* incurring his wrath . . . It is rumored that Censor White, Mr. Casey's successor, will take action in the case of a young gent on the Red and Black squad for partially disrobing on the gridiron . . . Mr. Fred. O'Brien, who, as a Latin School coach, has turned out a goodly number of champions, was present, dispensing medicinal mirth to the banged-up on the bench . . . We witnessed superb tackles by Capt. Gavin, Dowd, and Downes . . . Lawlor's excellent blocking allows time for

the plays to get started . . . Despite the date. Nov. 11, there was no armistice. There's no discharge from the war . . . Against Mechanic Arts, the Purple and White machine rolled up its largest score of the season . . . "Buck" Benson's penalty for being a Math shark involves an additional duty on the gridiron, that of official watchdog. The football functionaries must know the elements of rapid mental arithmetic, and are reminded of that fact when "Buck" is on their heels . . . There can be no doubt that the long-heralded and much-discussed "new deal" has been affected. The "forgotten man" goes unheeded no longer—not since the second quarter of the Mechanic's game . . .

What devastation, what havoc, does this Ryan wreak! Ryan—the "gunboat", the new "white hope", who rips the line asunder (yea, verily!) ! What desolation would ensue, if this human *pavicula*, this *fistuca*, was given a flying start on a line drive! . . . For the greater part of the game 'gainst the Artisans, Coach Fitzgerald rested his satellites and supervised an open-air class in "skull-practice", "pointing" for the English classic . . . Leo Downes' accurate passes were always good for substantial gains . . . The tackling was harder and surer than usual . . . With Bouchie passing ably, and Bigwood and Hoyer running amuck, the latter half was well taken care of . . .



BLUE TURKEY MEAT

Rising in its strength, a superb Latin School team crushed its ancient and honorable rival, English High School, in the forty-third annual Turkey Day classic staged at Fenway Park, to the merry tune of 18-7.

The Purple and White forward wall out-charged outtackled, and outfought the Blue and Blue frontier; while a flashy, powerful Latin backfield electrified the throng with brilliant passes and hair-raising runs. A quartet of Latin backs, led by Field-General "Ike" Sheehan, romped through gaping holes, excavated by a hard-charging line. "Bud" McLaughlin cavorted with unparalleled zip and dash, while Leo Downes bewildered the English secondary defense with a storm of successful passes. Ryan was immense; Gavin enormous, snaring forwards and tackling fiercely; while Sheehan seemed a veritable wizard in his selection of plays. Donovan, Benson, O'Callaghan, and Dowd,—names to be remembered—were in there, tackling and blocking, vividly active, the answers to a coach's prayer; Sanford and Brassil, smart and aggressive, covering punts as flies cover honey, almost always dropping the receiver in his tracks. Here was a potent machine behind a line headed by Gavin, hard-charging

gaint, who could open a hole through granite.

Latin's first touchdown parade began early in the opening period. MacLaughlin, with excellent interference, went through a hole in the line and advanced 35 yards to the English 20-yard ribbon. A line play was smothered, but Downes uncorked a beautiful 18-yard pass to Gavin, who was dropped on the English two-yard line. The "Gunboat", Herr Ryan, one hundred ninety pounds of brawn, plowed through tackle for the initial score. The attempted pass for the extra point failed.

English's only score came midway in the second stanza, when plucky Captain "Bill" Timmins ran back a punt by Sheehan from midfield, and succeeded in eluding tacklers to cross the goal-line. Timmins also booted the extra point to put English in the lead.

Before our defending champions scored again, a supposed Latin touchdown was called back by the officials, who, doubtless, were unfamiliar with Sheehan's excellent strategy. English intercepted a pass and kicked, but Sanford blocked it and O'Callaghan, our "Latin School Tower", fell on it. The same opposing player intercepted again. English kicked to midfield. After a line-buck by Ryan, Downes faded back to snap a bullet pass to MacLaughlin, who jaunted over the vital stripe to set the digits right, 12-7, Latin leading (as usual).

Latin's final score came in the third quarter on a drive down the field with four first downs from Latin's 48-yard line. A Downes-to-Brassil pass clicked. MacLaughlin ripped twenty yards on an off-tackle dash. A pass, Downes to Gavin, followed for fifteen yards. The hoary "Statue of Liberty" play—Downes (on the pedestal) to Sheehan—worked well enough to slap the spheroid on the twenty-yard line. Yet another pass, Downes to MacLaughlin, was tossed, netting eight yards. Line plunges by Sheehan, MacLaughlin, and Ryan, were halted by an ultra-stubborn English defence. Sheehan circumvented it by lateraling to MacLaughlin,

who raced over the line. Placement try for point was missed, but enough is enough. English attempts to score in the final period were upset by excellent defensive football on Latin's part. Thus, Alma Mater's warriors have retained the crown, but must share it in trust and joint ownership with the High School of Commerce until such time as a better team is entitled to it.

On the victorious squad in the title match were the following, worth their weight in football letters: Belekewicz, Benson, Bouchie, Brassil, Carroll, Chapman, Coy, Crehan, Cutter, Davis, Donovan, Dowd, Downes, Freedman, Gavin, Grimes, Hoyer, Larsen, Lawlor, MacLaughlin, McVeigh, Murray, O'Callaghan, Putnam, Palilonis, Quaglieri, Richards, Ryan, Sanford, Sheehan, Sullivan, and Tomasello.

Carroll, Chapman, Cutter, and Coy played a consistent and commendable half—alive and "on the jump" Belekewicz and Palilonis, holding down the ends, played a flashy and effective game

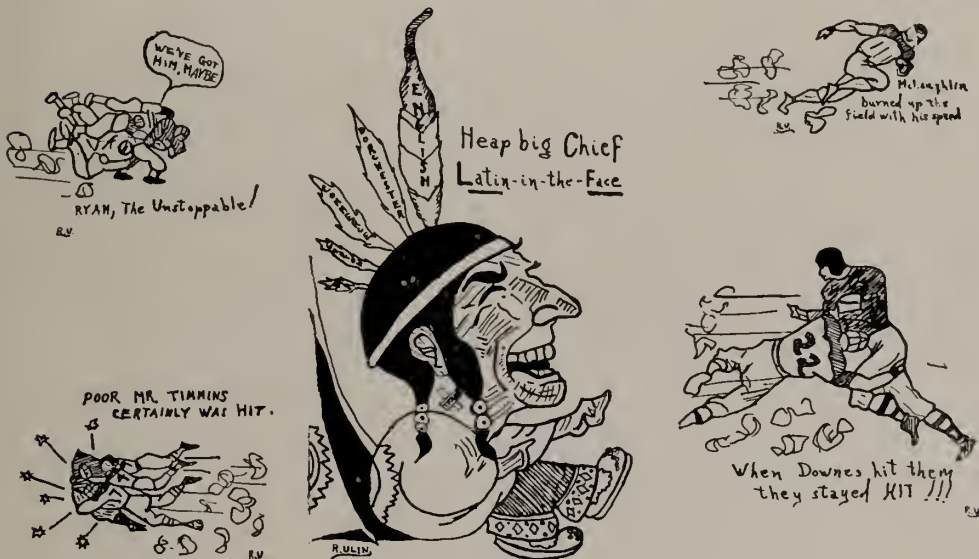
After Thanksgiving Day, the English "Rhapsody in Blue" is no more But English wasn't the only broken heart on Latin's schedule Football rivalry with English dates back to 1889 Of the 43 games played, English has won 19, Latin 16, with 8 ties, 5 of them scoreless Total score: English 326, Latin 275 During the season of '32, Latin has won in 6, lost in 1, tied in one The Purple and White ran up a score of 96 against opponents' 28 Now that the "All-American" brain-storm has made its appearance, the fateful day arrives when the glorious football pastime must be interred 'till next season So the grave is closed and with mournful mien, the epitaph is chiseled on the stone:

HIC JACET
FOOTBALL FIGHTUM
OBIIT ANTE DIEM OCTAVUM
KALENDAS DECEMBRIS MCMXXXII
AETAS: (QUI SCIT?)
SED SURSUM CORDA: RESURGAT.

Latin loses many of its veteran championship squad by graduation, but the fellows who held down Timmins, the battling Battles, and the rest of the English host, leave the crown in good hands . . . We bid farewell to Bouchie, Brassil, Carroll, Coy, Freedman, Captain Gavin, Grimes, Murrey, Palilonis, Quaglieri, Richards, Sanford, Sheehan, and Tomasello . . . Excellent material for a new team, fostered under Coach Fitzgerald's direction, will be formed about a nucleus of Belekewicz, Benson, Bigwood, Chapman, Crehan, Cutter, Davis, Donovan, Dowd, Downes, Hoye, Larsen, Lawlor, MacLaughlin, McVeigh, O'Callaghan, Ryan, and Sullivan, the remaining letter-men . . . Then don't forget the poor lowly scrub, the martyr of the team . . . Truly deserving of recognition, he it is who, by his perseverance and fortitude, greatly assists the coach in rounding out a team . . . He escapes notice all season long, but as

Rockne so aptly put it, "What good are four horsemen without seven mules?" . . . So a long cheer for the scrub, "Ave! Hoch! Salue! Sleanthe!" . . . We are informed that the School Committee, for financial reasons, has temporarily dropped ice hockey from the sports schedule . . . As a result, the remnants of last season's squad, Carroll, Mahoney, Putman, and Ryan, which went thru the season undefeated until the last half-minute of the final game, will receive no opportunity to sport the "do-or-die" fighting spirit for Latin School on the ice in that fast and dazzling game . . . This temporary abolition of hockey will have a far-reaching effect; it means that student fans will slumber till noon, instead of rising at seven to trek to the Arena to yell their throats hoarse, as formerly, while the puck whizzes by on the "frozen drink" . . . Our last resort is to bury our grief at the Armory while the boards resound to the drumming of many feet.

English High Theme Song MOANIN' LOW





Rideamus

19

THE RESULT OF THE DEPRESSION

A man entered one of our large department stores, with fire in his eye and asked for the Credit Manager.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the C. M.

"Just listen", said the angry one. "I have owed your store a bill for three months. There's a depression on, you know, and I find it difficult to pay my bills. Your department has written me some terrible dunning letters. Listen! I have a system that I pay my bills by. One can't get far these days without a system. On the tenth day of each month I take all of the bills that I owe and put them in a hat. Then I shut my eyes, pull one out, and pay it.

"Now", thundered the angry man, shaking his fist in the face of the C. M., "if you write me any more saucy letters—I WON'T PUT YOUR BILL IN THE HAT."

* * * * *

Mark Twain once went to borrow a book from a neighbor's library. The owner said he would be happy to accommodate him again, but he had adopted a rule that any volume taken from his library must be used on the premises.

The next week the neighbor dropped over for the loan of Mark's lawn mower.

"Take it and welcome," chirruped Mark; "only under a recently adopted policy it is not to be used except on the premises."

"Finding the North Pole," says Mr. Dooley, "is like sitting down on the ice anywhere."

* * * * *

HE THAT KNOWS NOT—and knows that he knows not,

Is simple—Teach him.

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not,

Is a fool—Avoid him.

He that knows and knows not that he knows,

Is asleep—Awaken him.

But he that knows and knows that he knows,

Is a wise man—Follow him.

Darius The Persian.

* * * * *

Absentminded Prof.—Didn't I meet your brother a few minutes ago . . .

Guest—No, sir. That was I.

Absentminded Prof.—Well, well. Extraordinary resemblance, isn't it?

—Lampon.

* * * * *

Jones—Well, how are you getting on in your new eight-roomed house?

Smith—Oh, not so badly. We furnished one of the bedrooms by collecting soap coupons.

Jones—Didn't you furnish the other seven rooms?

Smith—We can't. They're full of soap.

—Montreal Star.

There will be a
Debate
between the Debating teams
of
Boston Latin School
and
Brown University, '35.
on the night of January 6, 1933.

— SUBJECT —

Resolved: That all debts contracted prior to the Armistice be unconditionally cancelled.

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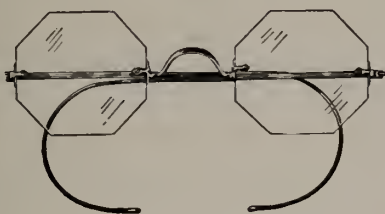
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